

A NEW  
P O E M  
ON THE

Lord Mayor,

*A long poem. 13. Octob. 1682*

**H**ail Loyal Sir! who timely did'st provide  
Against our Ruine, and has turn'd the Tide;  
Wisely composing this our frantick Age:  
How have you quell'd the bold Fanaticks Rage?  
Those *Wolves* will now seem *Lambs* upon the Stage.  
When Pious Factions did in Crowds appear,  
You wrought our Safety with a Father's Care;  
With easie Conduet, and by Right of Laws  
O'erthrew the Idols of the *Canting Cause*;  
Taught the bold Herd to know their Servile Bounds,  
Such was your Zeal to heal the Nation's Wounds.  
*Scism* from you receiv'd a Fatal Blow,  
The Church now flourishes in their Overthrow;  
The Fountain purg'd, Cœlestial Streams must flow.  
Whilst to the Land Religious Peace you bring;  
At once you honor God, and serve your King.  
Thus you improve the Talent of your Trust,  
The Kingdom's Happiness proclaims you Just.  
Under your Wings we're safe; for while you sway,  
Not *India*'s Wealth can *England*'s Peace betray.  
*London*, the Pride and Glory of the Land,  
The Spring of Peace, and War's enflaming Brand,  
You rule the Nation as you that Command.  
Indulgent Patriot! Guardian of our Fate!  
Dissentions Scourge, and Pillar of the State,  
Your great Succes fore-tells that happy Day,  
When Justice shall o'er *Belial-Conscience* sway,  
And zealous Traitors suffer for their Crimes;  
You blast the dang'rous Projects of the Times.  
A Nations Blessing, *Thee*, we must confess,  
Great in your Office, which may you possess,  
Till by your Sov'reign's Favours rais'd more high,  
Our one continued Blessing may you dye.  
Oh! who can sing thy Praise, or who can tell  
Your growing Worth? so far it does excell—  
Your Vertues such, and such your Sacred Fame,  
Our grateful Land thus celebrates your Name:

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